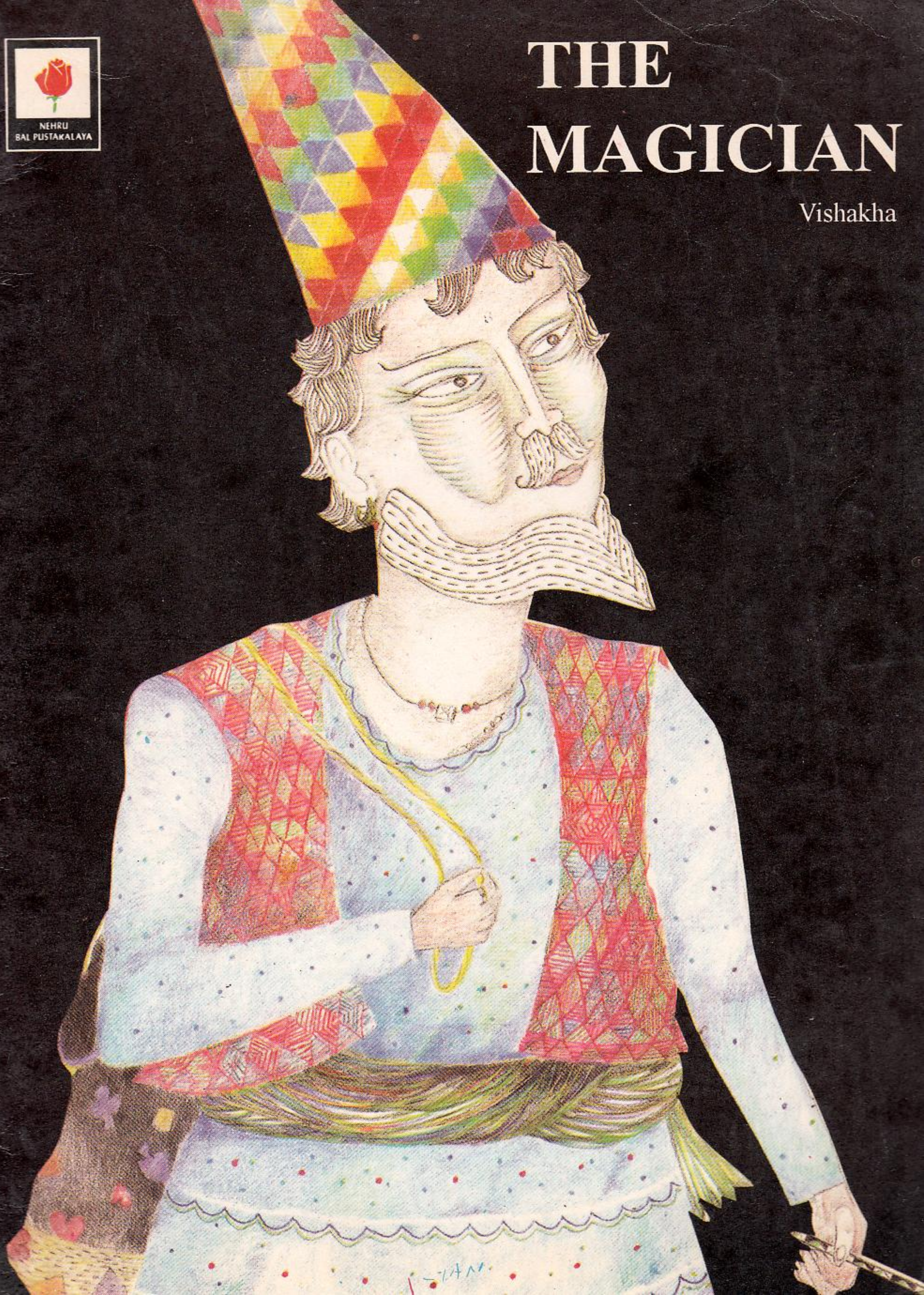




THE MAGICIAN

Vishakha



Nehru Bal Pustakalaya

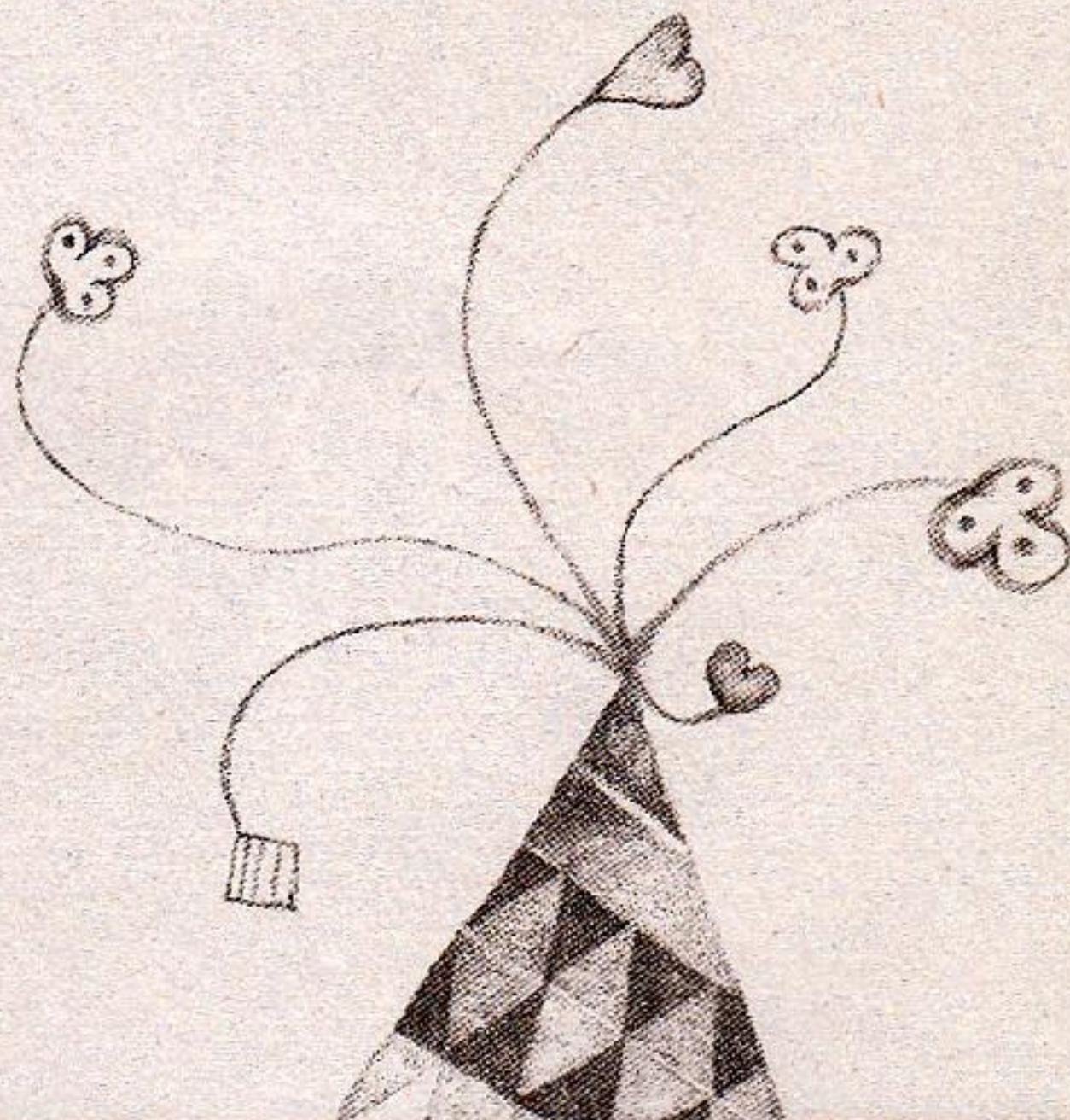
The Magician

Author & Illustrator

Vishakha



National Book Trust, India



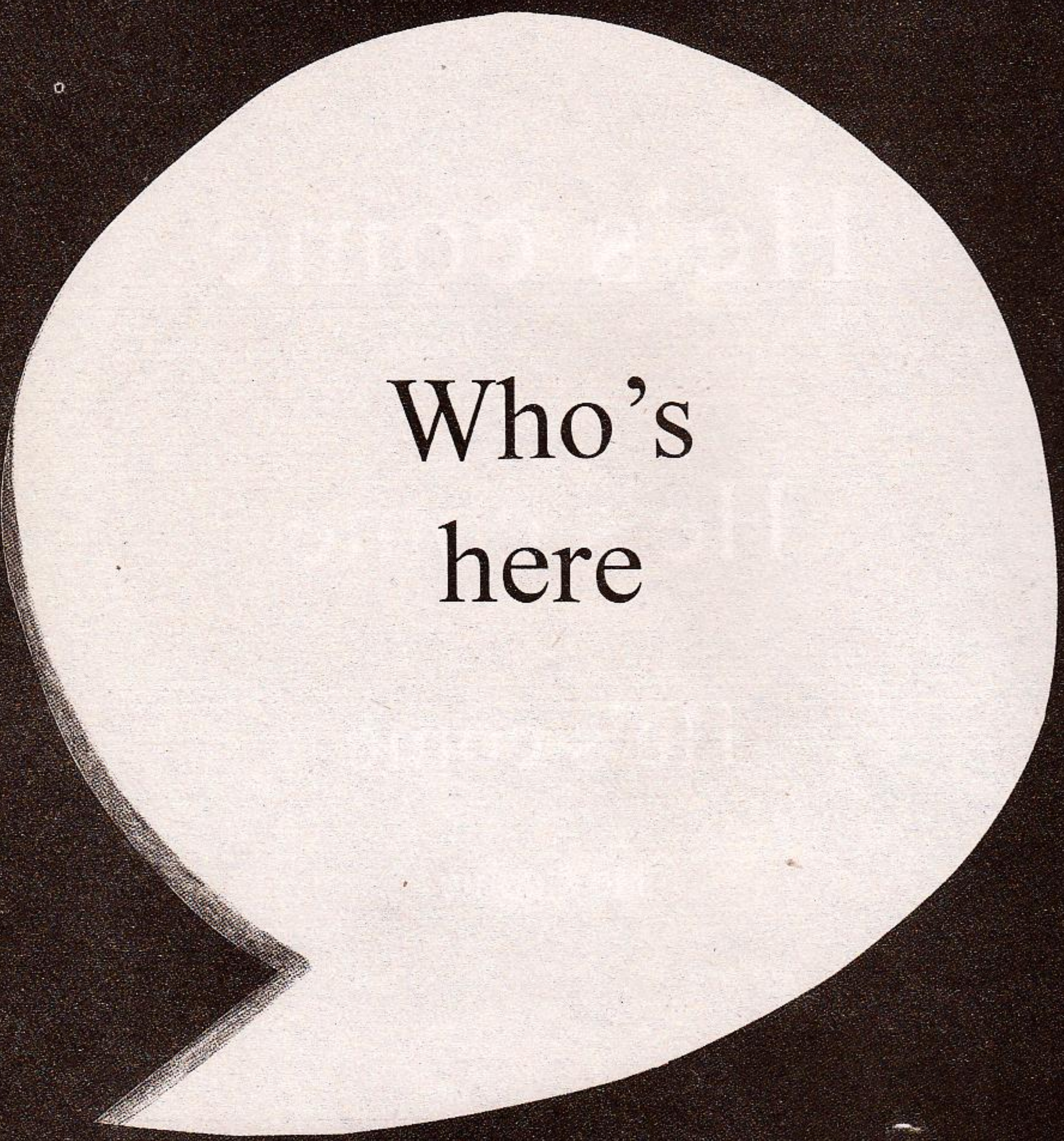


He's come

He's come

He's come

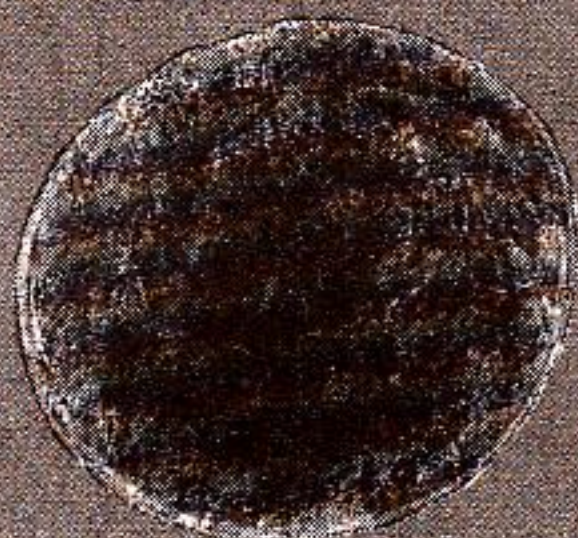
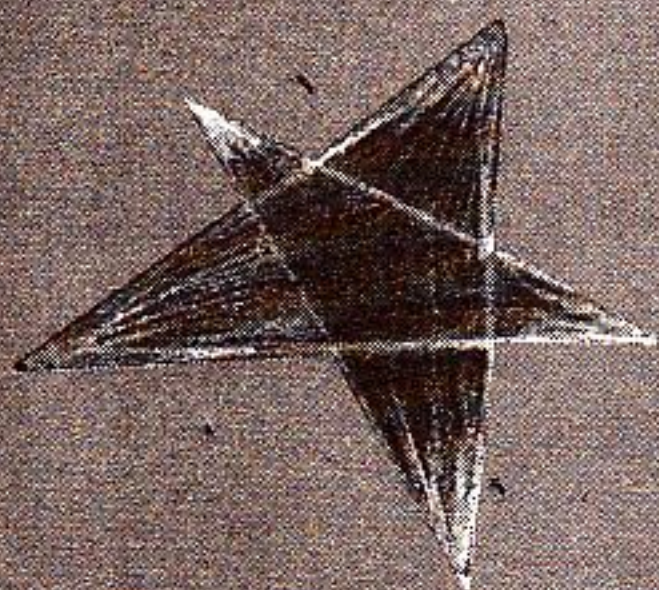
He's come

A large, light-colored speech bubble with a pointed tail at the bottom left, set against a dark, textured background. The bubble has a slightly irregular, hand-drawn appearance.

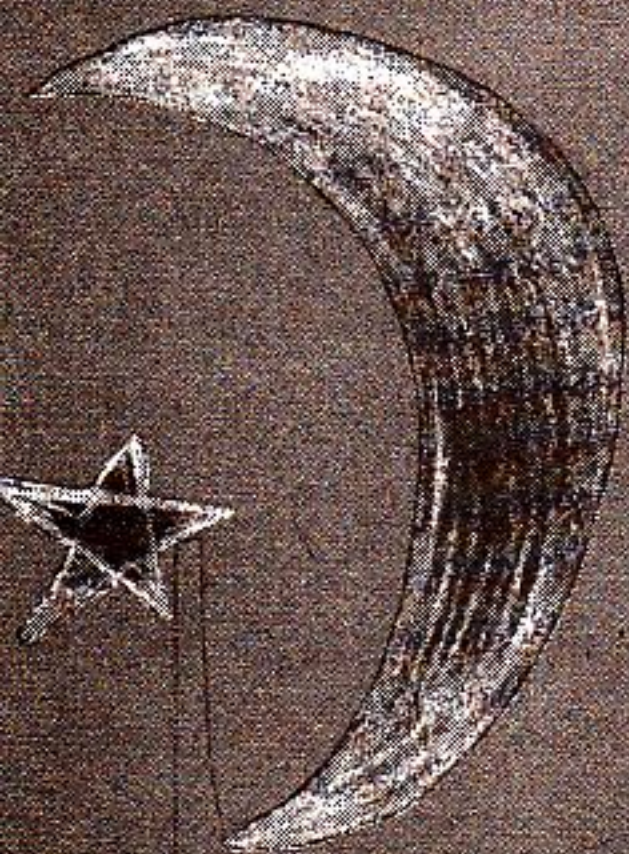
Who's
here

Who's
here





The Magician's come
The Magic one!
What's he like?







The cap he wears is decked with flowers
The clothes he wears have many colours

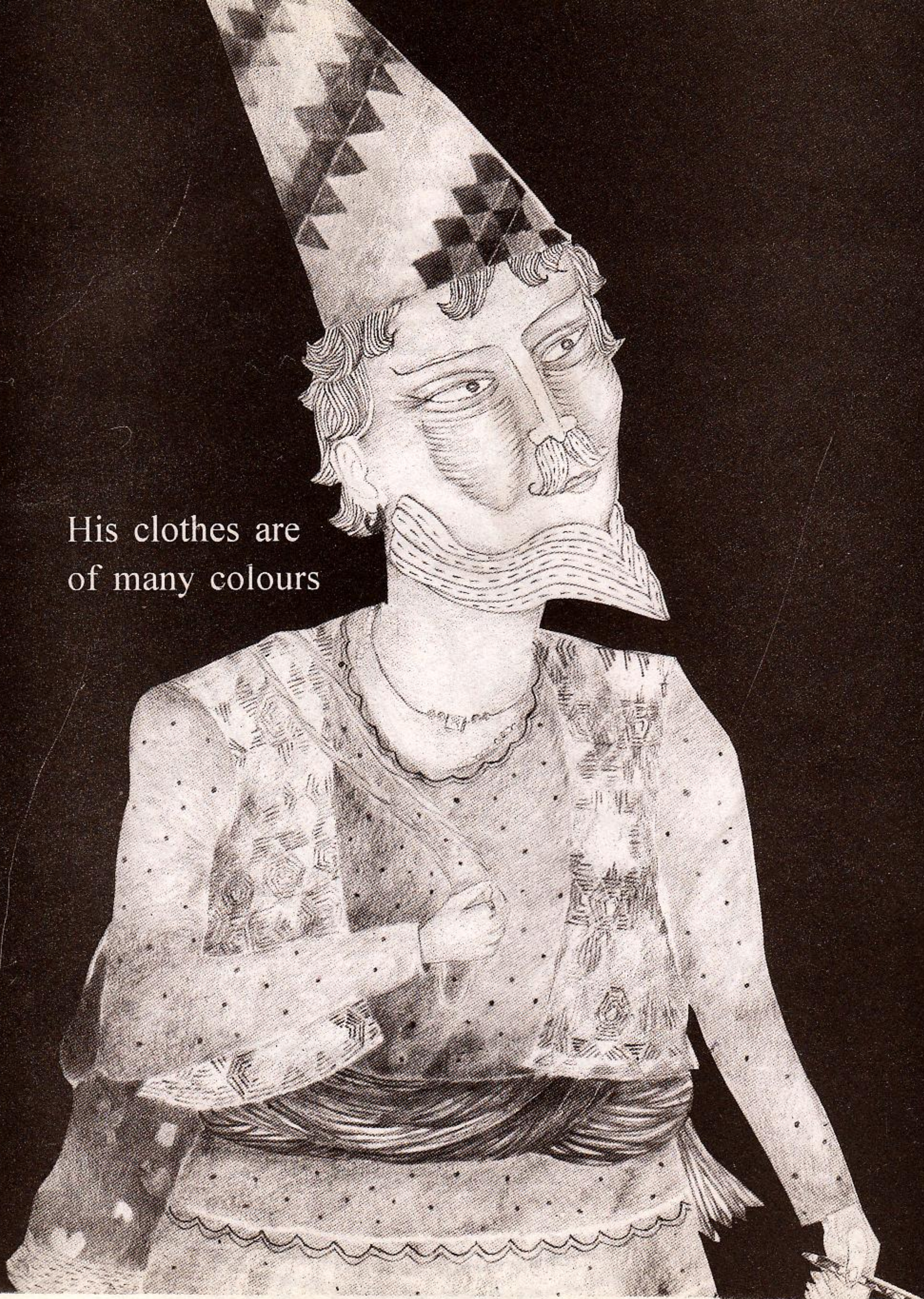


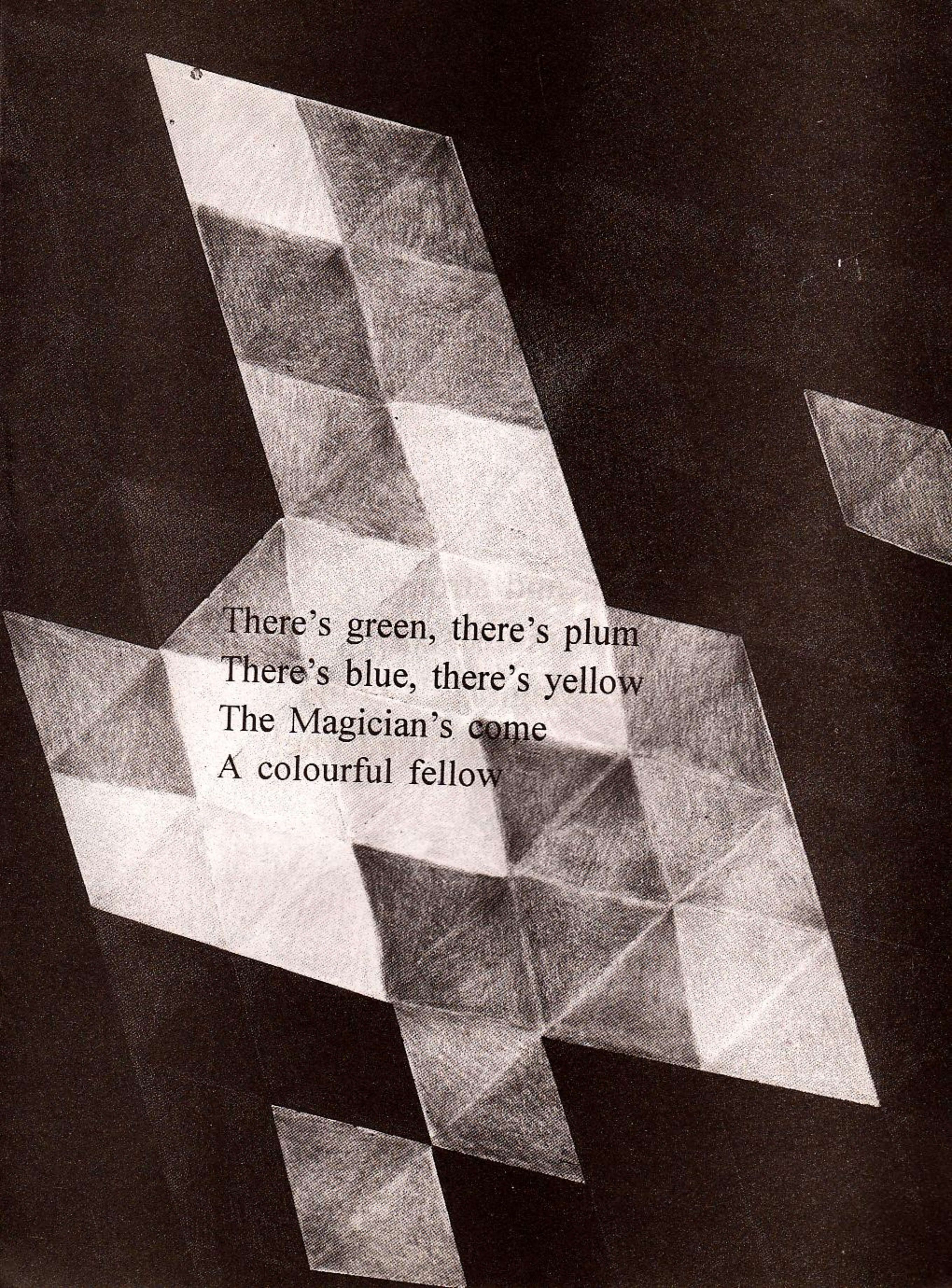


His moustache, it's wavy
His eyes, half crazy



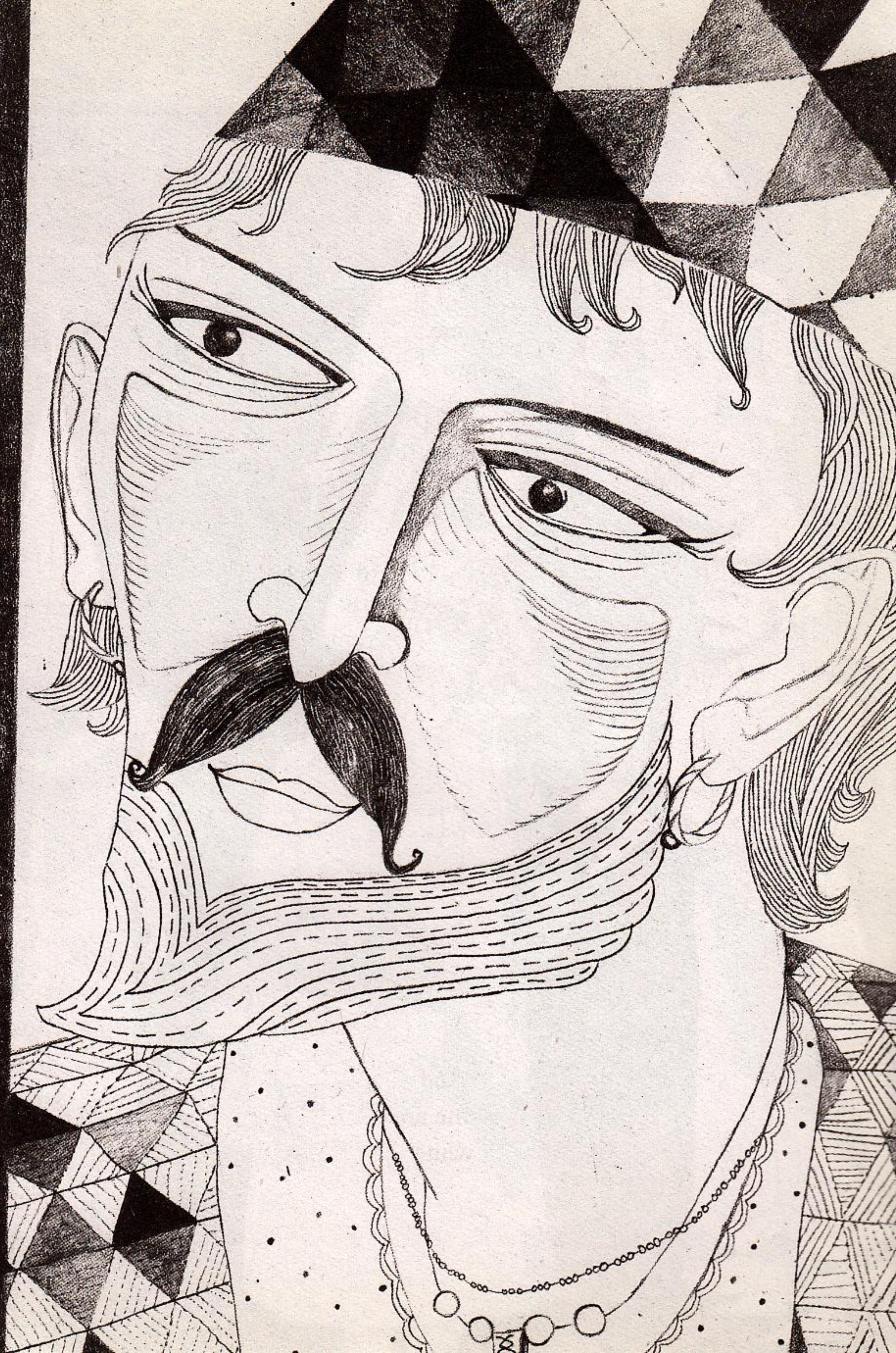
His clothes are
of many colours



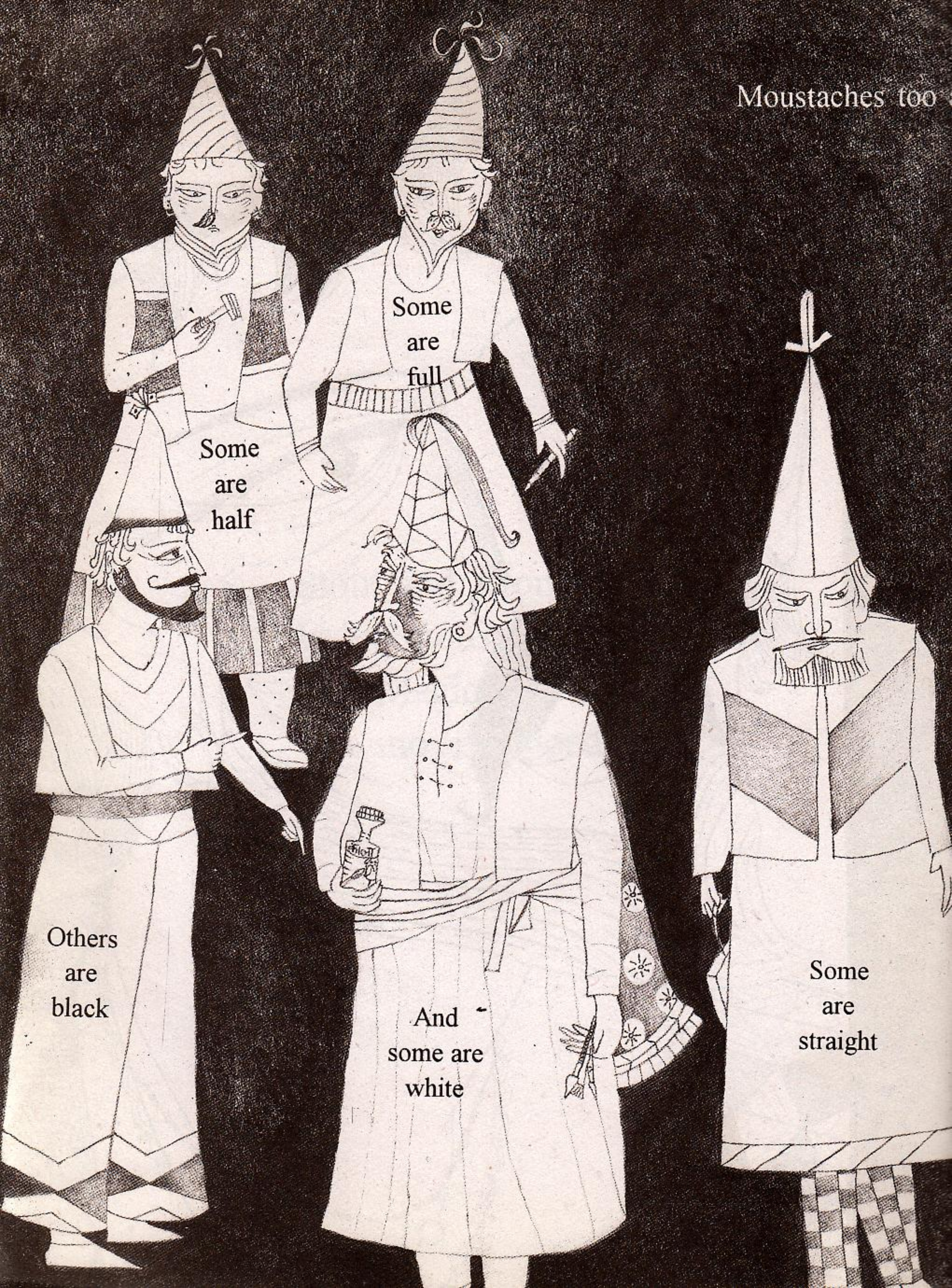
A piece of crumpled, translucent paper with a grid-like pattern, set against a dark background. The paper is folded and crumpled, creating a complex, geometric pattern of light and shadow. The text is printed on the paper in a serif font.

There's green, there's plum
There's blue, there's yellow
The Magician's come
A colourful fellow

Stout and strong
Is his moustache
The Magician's come
The moustachioed one!



Moustaches too



Some
are
full

Some
are
half

Others
are
black

And
some are
white

Some
are
straight

re of many types



Some
are
simple

Some
like
forests

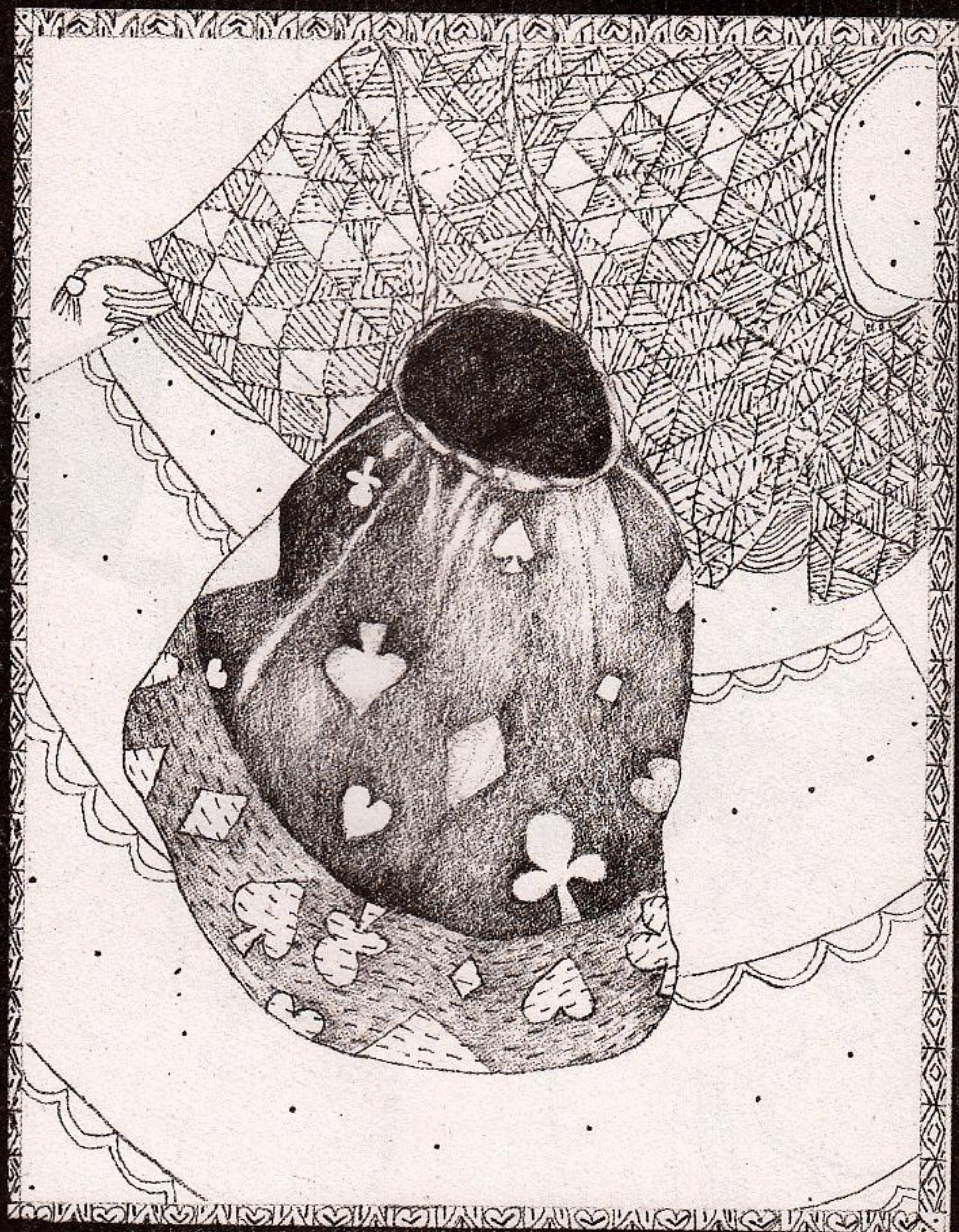
Others
crooked
(Don't
they look
very
wicked?)

Some are
thick

And
others
small

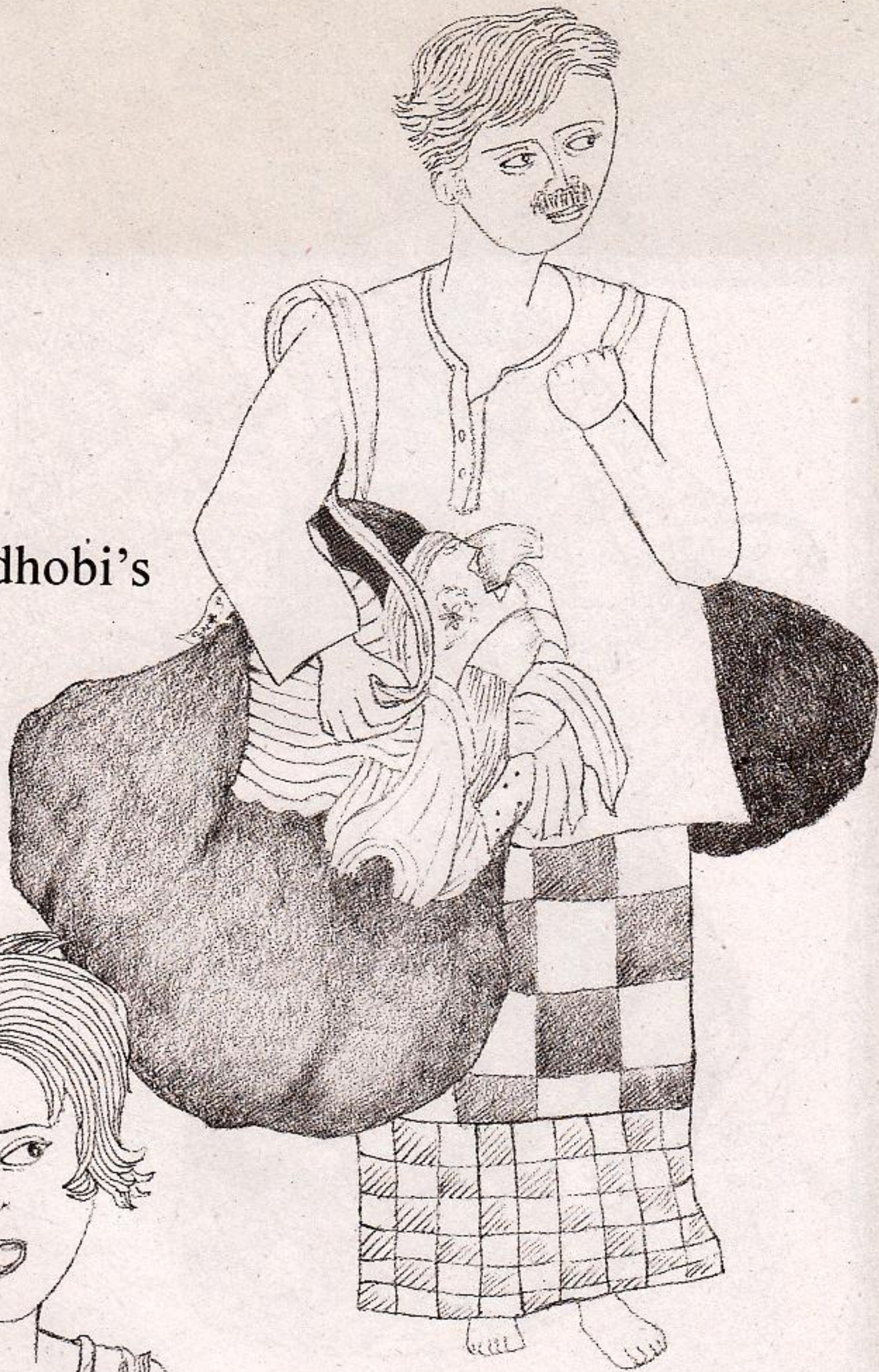


The Magician's brought a wand



And a bag

Not like the dhobi's



Or yours

Or mine



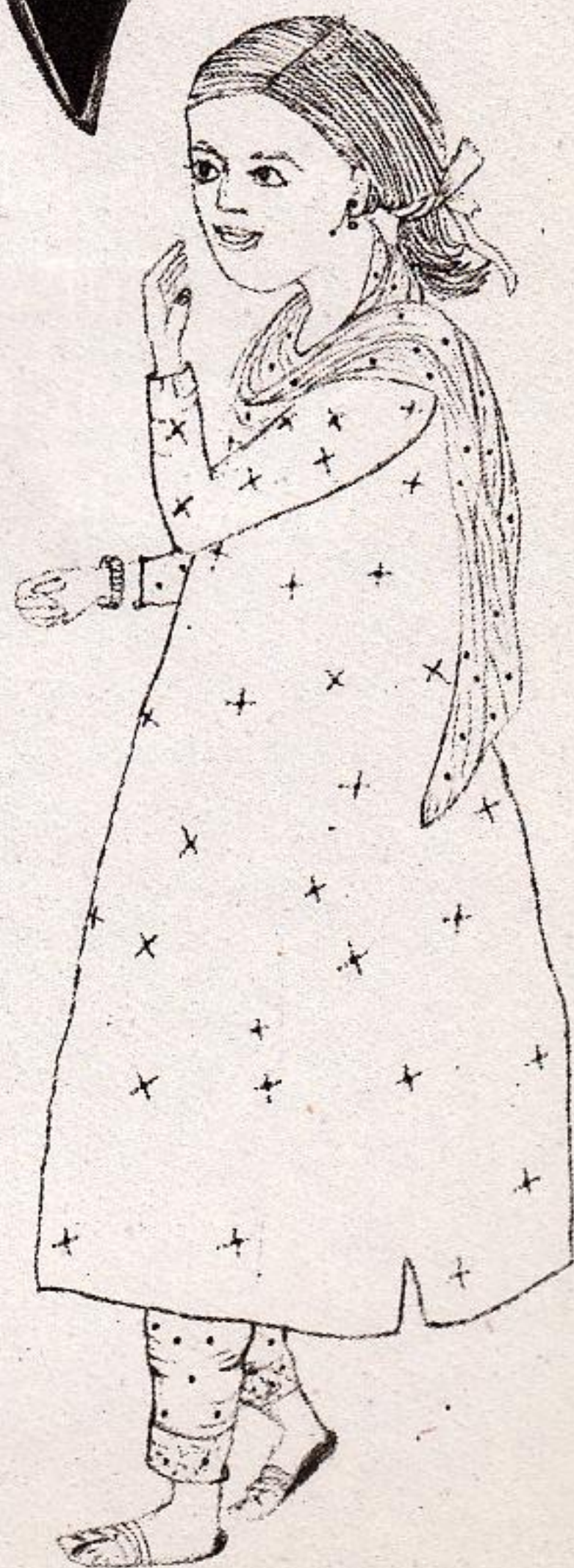
His is a special kind



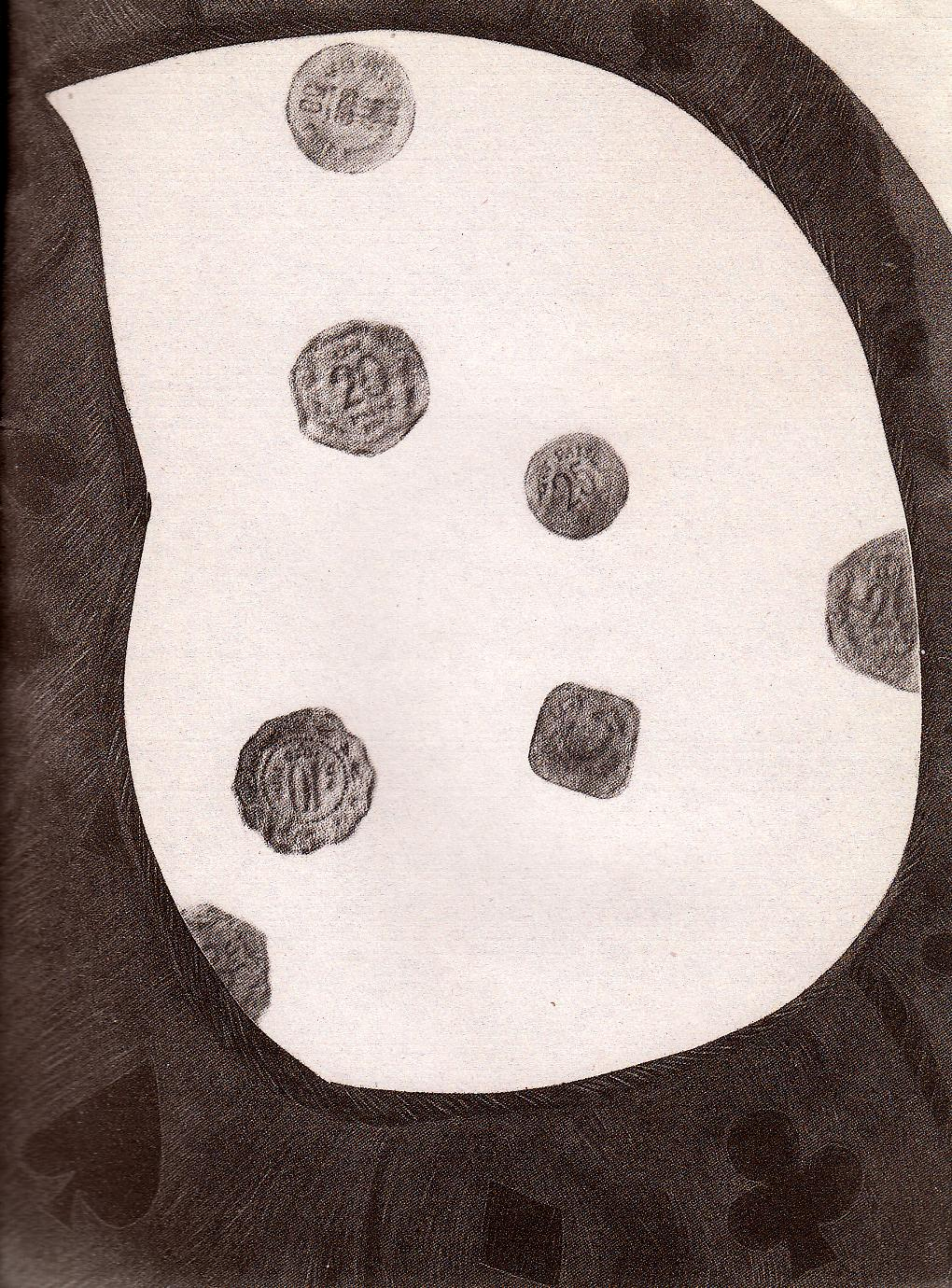




But things came out of the bag...
How strange, for it nothing had
Surely the bag was empty

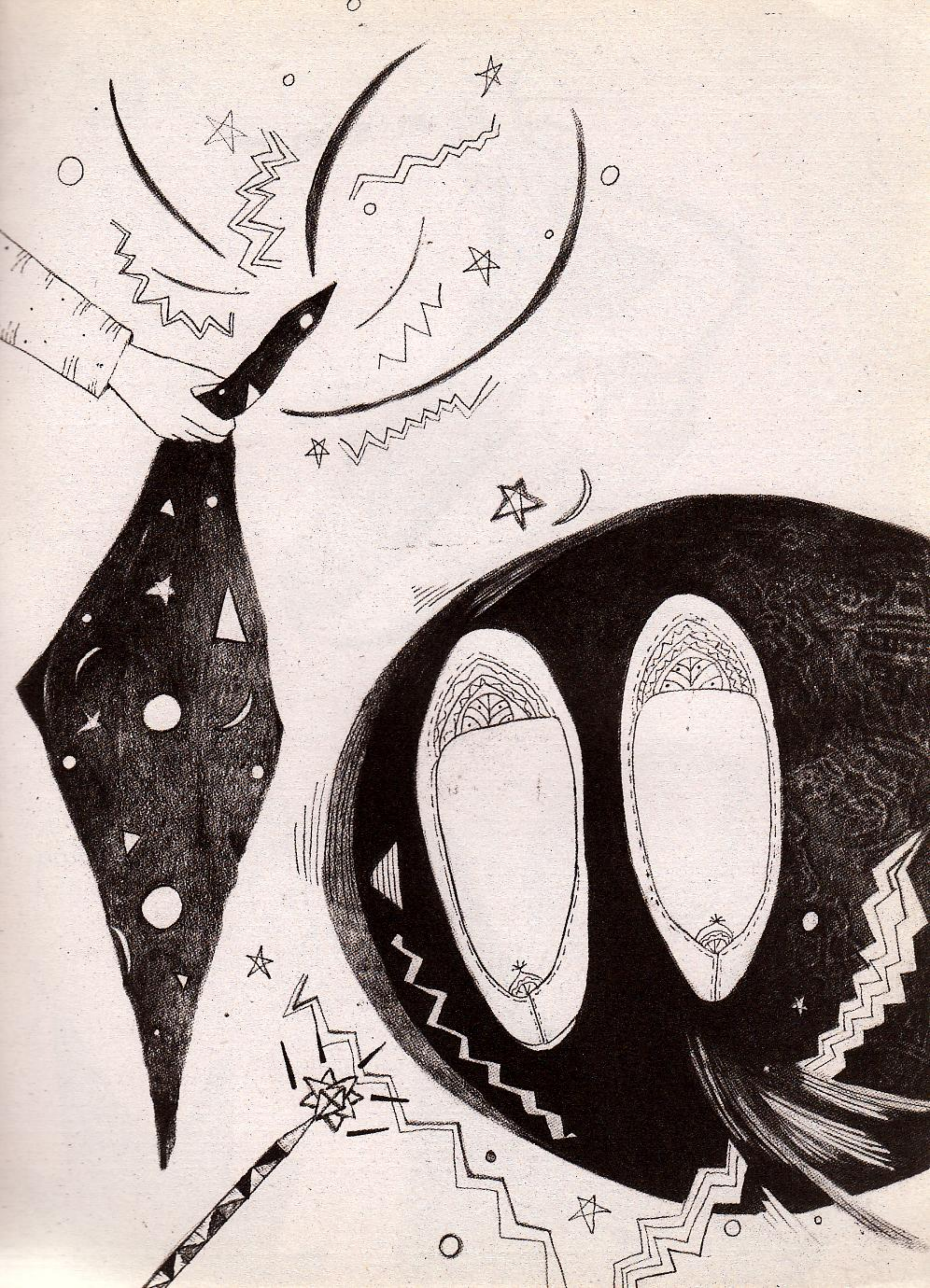


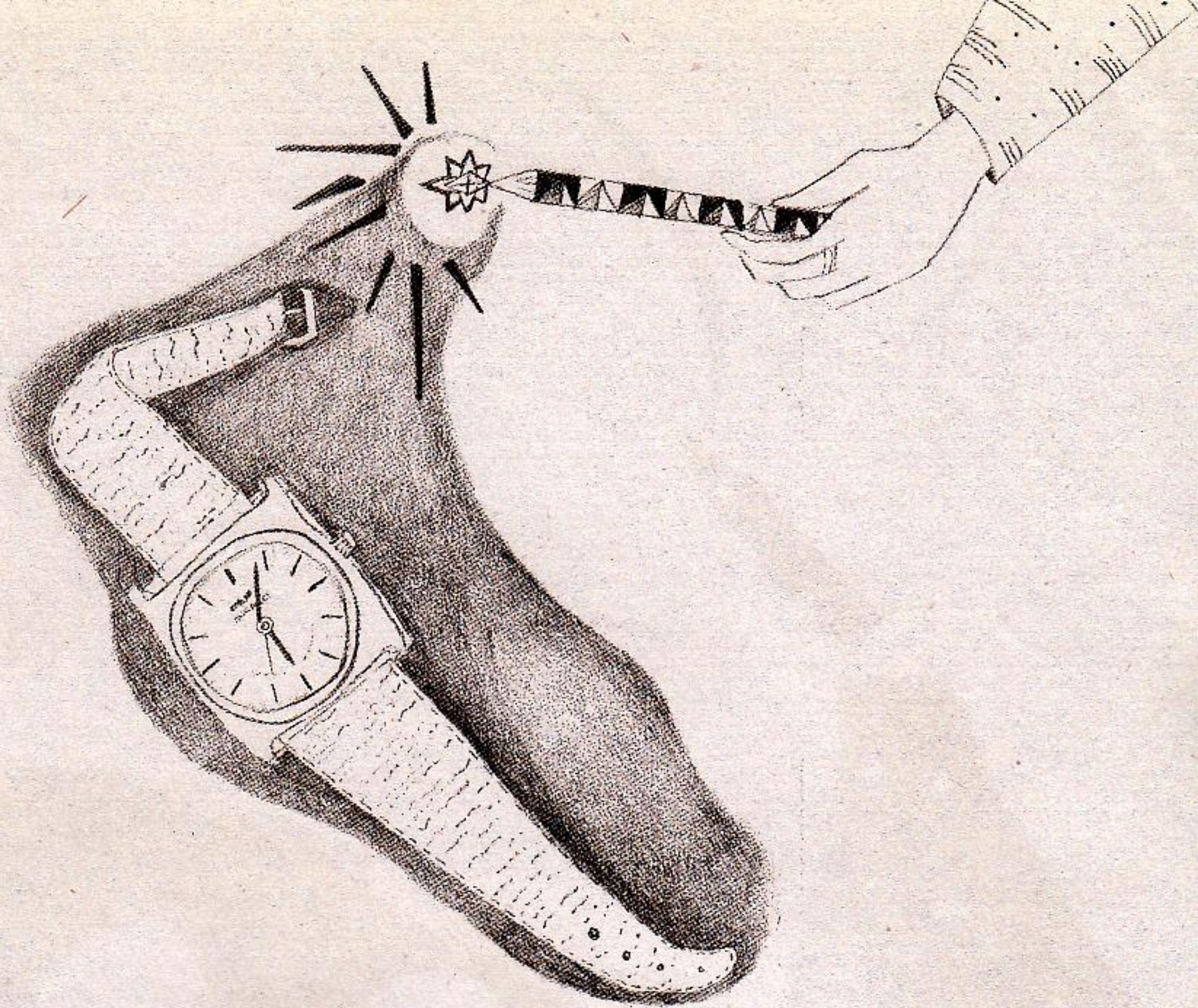
So it is strange
How out of it came
So much money, so much change
What else came out of the bag?



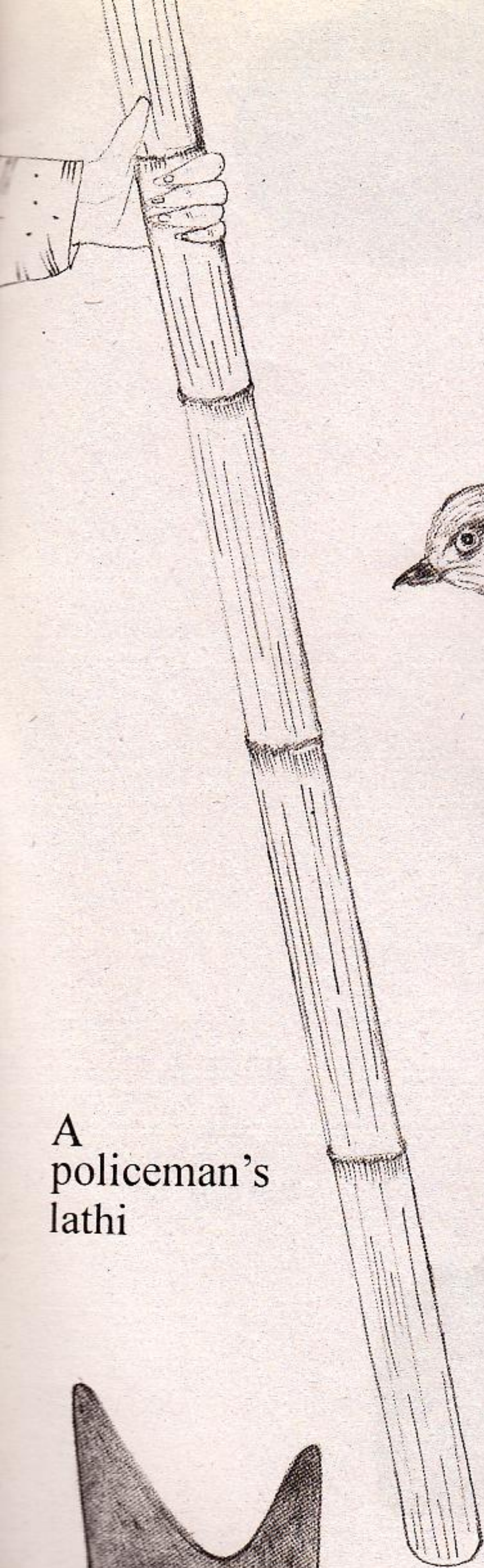
Hankies

Two red shoes

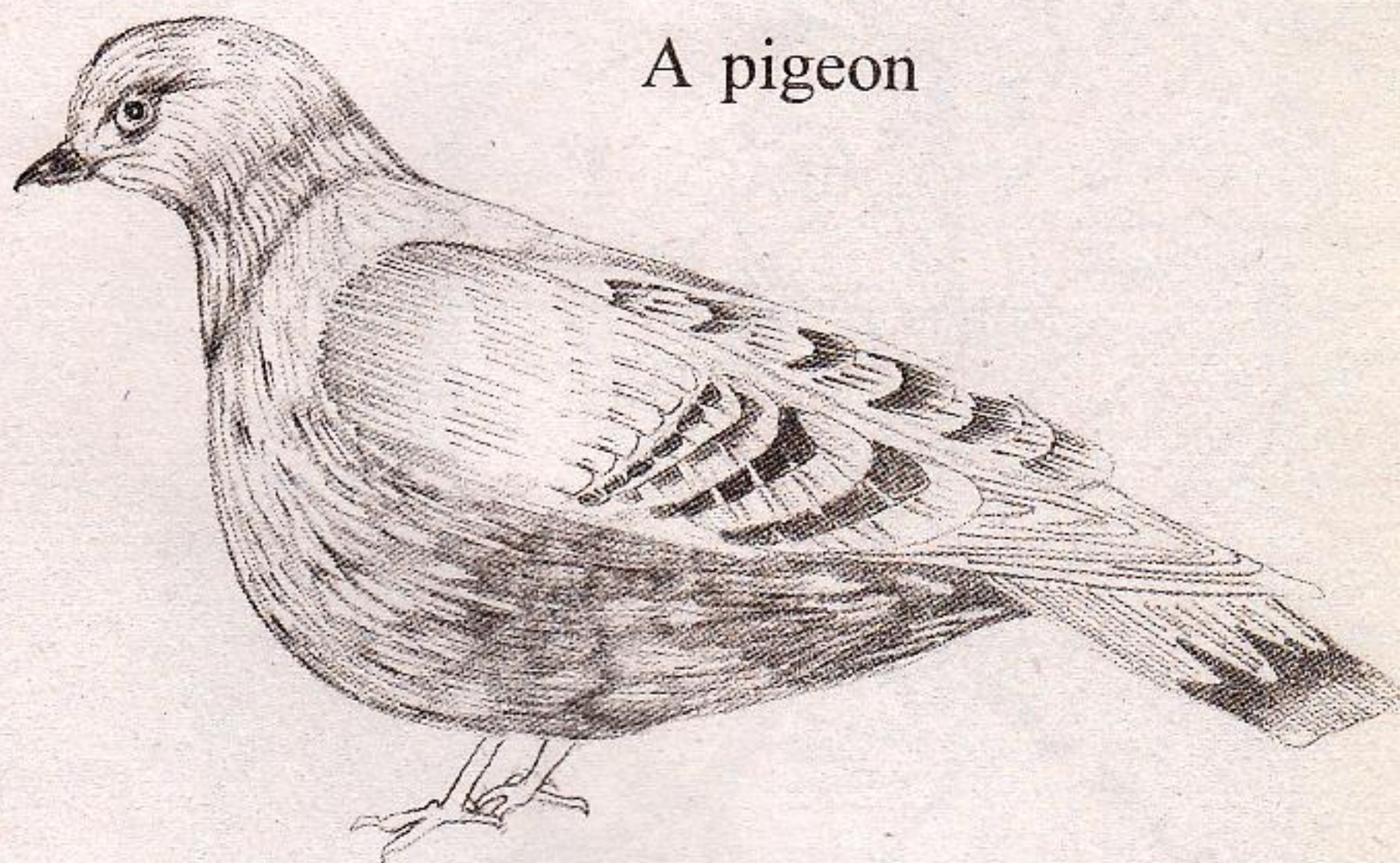




A little watch



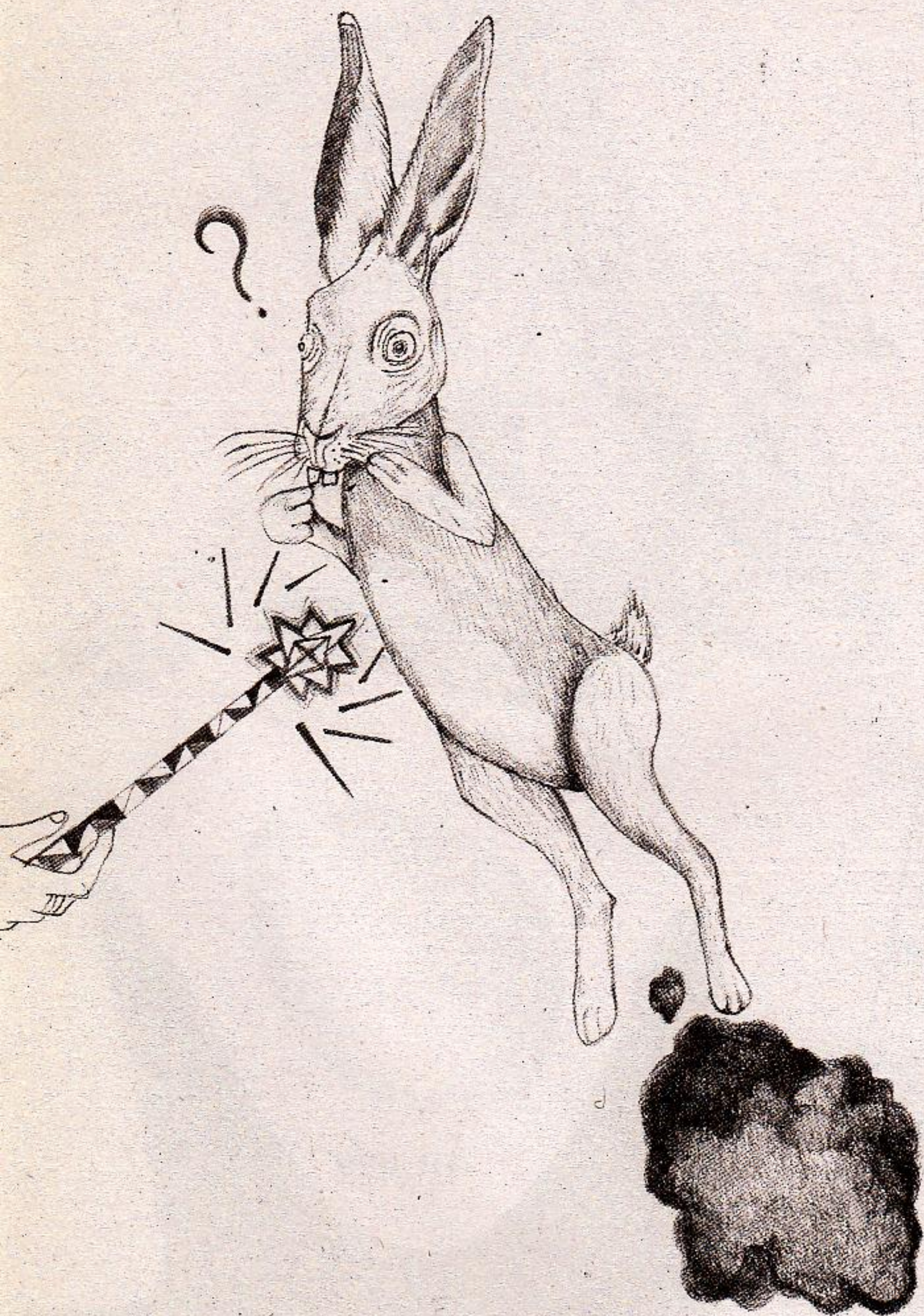
A
policeman's
lathi



A pigeon

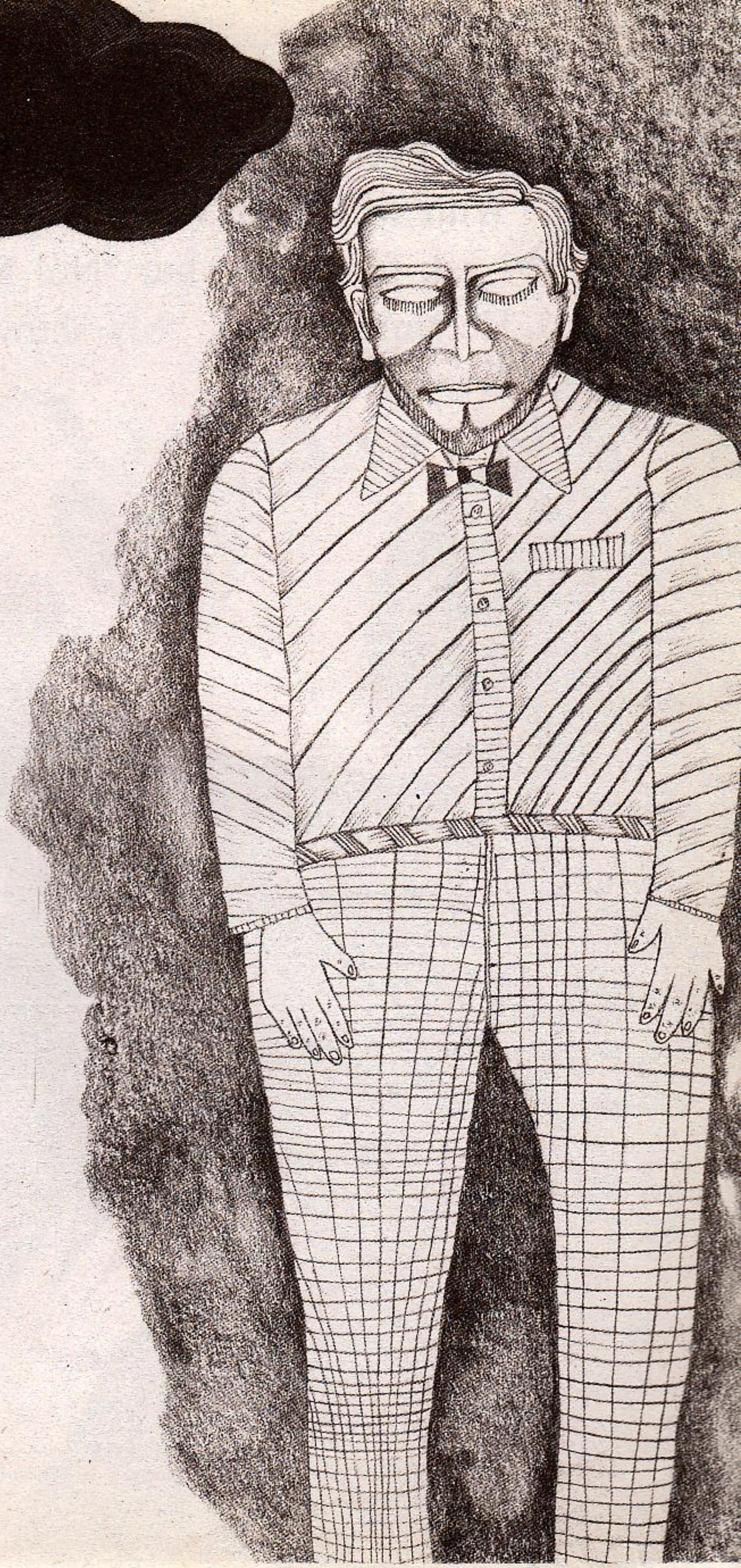


An egg



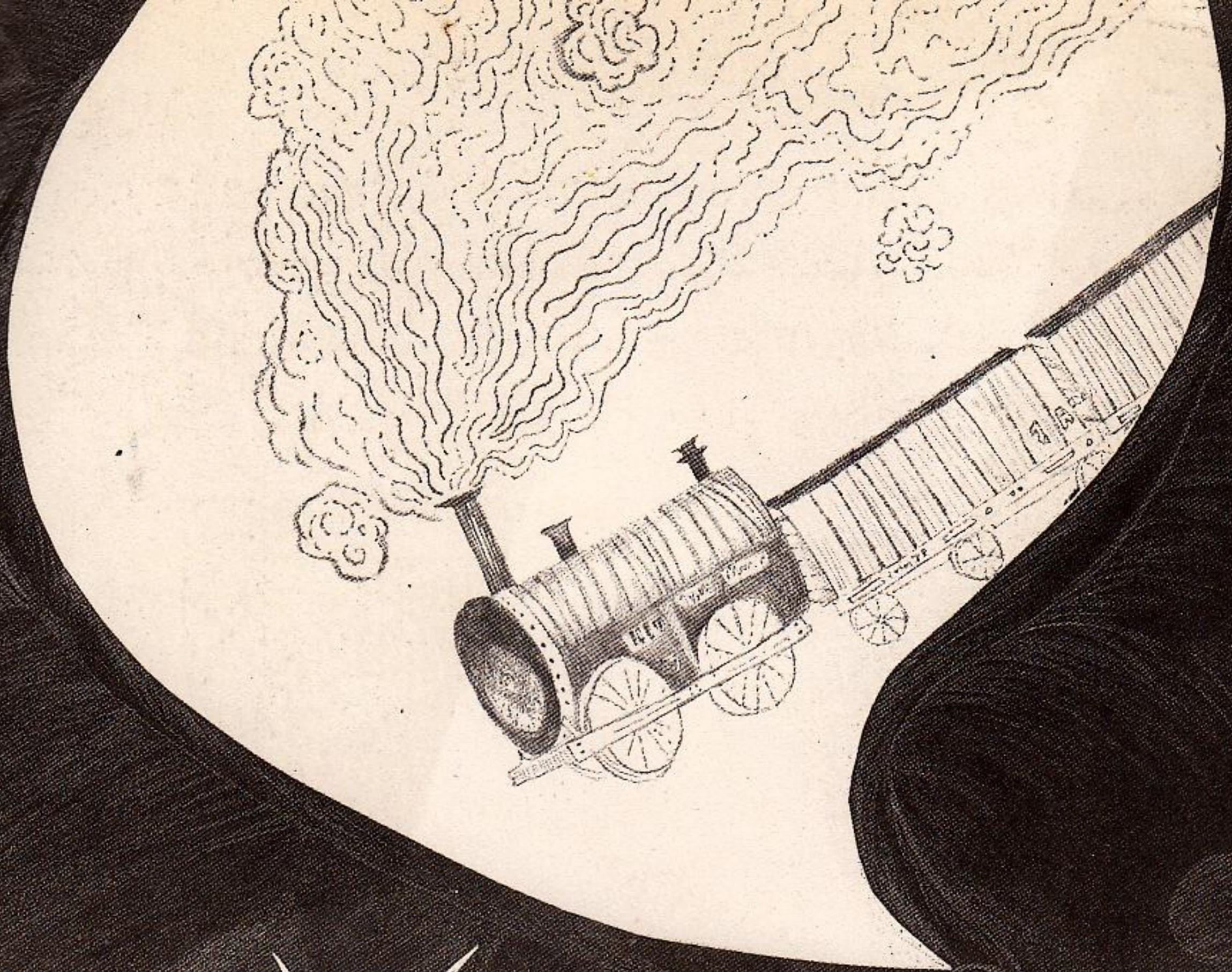
A rabbit that pranced

A man
in
a trance



Out even comes a railway train
With which the man can entertain
I ask for more—but “No! My friend,”
He smiling says, “My show must end!”







Rs. 8.00

ISBN 81-237-2004-1

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